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EDWARD B. BUTLER

1853-1928

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*Guide me through another day;
Chart my course where love may sway.
Keep me free from selfish wrong,
Teach me patience, make me strong.*

*Keep me pure in thought and deed,
Bring me near when others need.
Give me work, and strength to do,
Make me gentle, keep me true.*

CHICAGO

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EDWARD B. BUTLER

1853-1928



IF it be true that "to live in the hearts of those we love, is not to die," then Edward Burgess Butler with his kindly smile, his friendly handclasp, his keen, lively interest in people and affairs—lives on just as surely as he lived before that waning afternoon in February, 1928, when from his winter home in Pasadena the wires flashed back across the country the message of his passing. For Edward Butler loved so many—men, women and children—so great a friend was he to all humanity, that the love which flowed so spontaneously from his own heart found an answering current in the hearts about him, and the memories of him which still live on are almost

as vital and glowing as was his own vivid personality.

It is easy for those who knew him in his later years to picture him as a youngster—robust, straight-limbed, rosy-cheeked—absorbing much of his sturdiness of body, his strength of soul, from the rigor of the hills of Maine, his boyhood home. It is easy to imagine his delicate appreciation of nature—his fondness for the trees and fields, which was later to motivate his artistic career, fostered by the woods and meadows around the town of Lewiston, where he was born, December 16, 1853.

His education—schooling, rather, for Edward Butler's education ceased only with his passing—consisted of no more, no less than that of many a son of parents in moderate circumstances. He graduated from Bunker Hill Grammar School, and attended Charlestown High School for one year, working in his father's store before school in the mornings, and following the afternoon sessions.

At the age of 16, his real business career began, when he joined the workers' corps of a Boston wholesale dry goods house as a bundle boy. From that niche in the world of merchandising, he stepped into the job of traveling salesman, gaining a first-hand experience of "the man on the road" which was to contribute valuably to his own business years later.

On February 1, 1877, he went to Boston where, with his brother, George H. Butler, the firm of Butler Brothers was founded. A year later, another brother, Charles H., was taken into the business, and the modest little wholesale house was moved to larger quarters in Avon Street, Boston.

Because of the prospering business, still larger space was required in the same year, and accordingly they found new quarters in Chauncey Street, Boston. And from this store was sent the first mail order catalogue ever issued in the United States; and from this

store was supplied the stock for the first Five Cent Store known to the business world of America.

From this modest start, Mr. Butler saw the house of Butler Brothers grow to the largest wholesale business in the world, with large distributing branches today in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Dallas and San Francisco.

It was in 1879 that Edward Butler came to Chicago for the opening of the first Chicago store of Butler Brothers and from then on until his retirement from the presidency in 1914, he devoted himself assiduously to the development of his great business.

But a man of Edward Butler's temperament could no more confine his interests strictly to the field of business, than the sun can shine upon one flower in a field, and the altruism of his nature found an early outlet in civic matters. The first important piece of public work he did for the community, in whose develop-

ment he was destined to play so large a part, was in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition, when he served as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and as Chairman of the Committee on Admissions and Collections, thus assuming responsibility for the income of the greatest World's Exposition of all times.

As one of the foremost promoters of the World's Fair, and as a staunch believer in the future of his adopted city, it was but natural that Mr. Butler should assume a share of the responsibilities in the development of a plan for Chicago's growth, and in 1905, at a meeting of the Commercial Club, of which he was then President, he gave utterance to what proved to be a dynamic impetus to the conception and development of the Chicago Plan for a greater and more beautiful Chicago.

Immediately after that meeting, Frederick A. Delano, Charles D. Norton and Daniel H. Burnham made the first move toward creating

this plan which was to have the backing of the Commercial Club of Chicago, and as Chairman of the Club's committee on the Chicago Plan, Mr. Butler for many years devoted a large part of his time to its development.

Single-handed, and against great opposition, he made repeated trips to the State Capitol, and finally succeeded in securing the passage of an Enabling Act, making it possible for the City of Chicago to reclaim and beautify the lake front; and it was due in a very large measure to his efforts as mediator, that a successful trade was finally effected between the Illinois Central Railroad Company and the South Park Commissioners, which was the first step necessary to provide for Chicago what is fast becoming the most beautiful water front in the world.

Closely entwined with his civic activities was his interest in philanthropic movements, and in the latter field his benevolent impulses found divers outlets. Throughout the years he

was an interested director on the boards of many charitable institutions. Practically all of Chicago's worthy philanthropies have been helped through his generous gifts, which reached a total of millions of dollars during his lifetime. But his "giving sense" was not circumscribed by an automatic, cut-and-dried, card-file policy.

The little old lady of the "third floor back," whose long-past-due room rent was mysteriously paid up-to-date, and even in advance; the struggling art student; the ill and discouraged inventor; the foreign merchant whose fortune had been swept away by the war—they all turned to thank Edward Butler, not only for monetary aid, but for the upbolstering of their faith and courage, which is so immeasurably helpful in the crucial times in any man's career.

Although Mr. Butler's abiding conviction that the possessor of wealth should regard himself as a trustee, accountable to his fellow

man, he never let his right hand know "what his left hand did," and that attitude of unostentation was characteristic of the man—not only in regard to his munificent giving, but of everything he did.

Widely as Mr. Butler was known in business, civic and artistic circles, the project with which, perhaps, his name was most closely associated, was Glenwood Manual Training School—an educational institution for the care of dependent, underprivileged boys, located twenty-five miles south of Chicago, the presidency of which Mr. Butler held for thirty-one consecutive years. He saw Glenwood grow, almost from the time when it was scarcely more than a hope, into a flourishing service to the State of Illinois and the boys whom circumstances have robbed of the natural rights of every child.

For many years Mr. Butler missed his Sunday dinner to travel out to Glenwood to talk to the boys; many times he journeyed from

California to Chicago, to be present at the annual Flag Day Exercises, which constituted Glenwood's red letter day of the year, and to give the address on those occasions. Never was he too busy to see an old Glenwood boy, who might be stopping over in Chicago; never too preoccupied to be interested in the lad's career.

But business and philanthropic interests alone could not satisfy this enthusiastic searcher for life, for deep in the soul of him was an abiding love for the beautiful that he had carefully nurtured all through his years. As a boy in Boston, he haunted the Art Museum and acquired more than a casual acquaintance with the pictures hung there. Always a lover of nature, it was but natural that he should have turned to a study of the works of artists, and it was significant that the first Christmas he spent in Chicago he indulged himself to the purchasing of a landscape for his very own possession.

It is perhaps common knowledge that the first building erected at Hull House was built by Edward B. Butler—and that building was an Art Gallery housing a branch of the Public Library.

When he built his home on South Michigan Avenue, it was said that he had built a picture gallery with a house around it—and indeed the picture gallery was the most important feature of the house.

For many years it had been Mr. Butler's thought to some day take lessons in drawing, though he never aspired to paint, for in his modesty, and with his admiration for the works of the masters, he deemed it almost sacrilegious for a layman to even think of painting a picture. But the time came when he found himself with leisure for the study of drawing, and the opportunity no sooner presented itself than he invited an artist friend to come to his home and give him instructions in sketching with charcoal.

After two sketches in this medium, it was suggested that he go immediately into painting and accordingly he went to work at once with brush and oils. In 1909, a year later, he submitted his first picture, under an assumed name, and had the pleasure of having it accepted and hung by the Art Institute of Chicago. Following this honor, he became a successful exhibitor in many galleries throughout the United States.

The wide publicity given at the time of his first acceptance, to the story of the merchant prince who had become a successful painter of pictures, served as inspiration to other laymen, and out of this inspiration has developed the Chicago Business Men's Art Club, which was the forerunner of a movement now nation wide, with contemporary clubs of laymen painters in many cities throughout the country.

As a trustee of the Art Institute of Chicago for many years, Mr. Butler was instrumental

in the development of the high place this community holds in the art world, and to him is given credit for the fact that Chicago's Art Institute possesses the most important collection of landscapes extant, by George Inness, the greatest landscape painter America ever produced. It was in 1911 that Mr. Butler presented this gift to the Chicago Art Institute, and throughout the following years he received many letters from all parts of the country, evincing the perpetual happiness which this rare collection in the Edward Burgess Butler Room, with its ever present bouquet of fresh flowers, was giving to lovers of the beautiful in art.

Mr. Butler lived a life well rounded with a multiplicity of interests. He fathered and developed the greatest business of its kind in the world. He mastered business and made it respond to the practical, organized genius of his many-sided nature. He turned to civic enterprises and left his influence forever upon

Chicago's "great front door." He became a friend of dependents, and carried into the lives of thousands of boys opportunities which made them upright citizens. He turned to the aesthetic and interpreted, for millions, the beauty of nature.

A man of outstanding success in many departments of life, Edward Butler needed only to have devoted himself exclusively to the pursuit of wealth to have become, perhaps, an immensely wealthy man. But for the last twenty years before his going, he was known by his most intimate friends never to make a move, having for its sole object the mere making of money.

In harmony with this outlook, it was but natural that as early as 1898 he began to devise a method of making his employees partners in his business, and it is a well-known fact that the only holdings of the stock of his great company that Mr. Butler ever parted with were placed in the hands of employees,

which he enabled them to buy on a basis involving small monthly payments.

His wisdom and genius, his great broad sympathies and understanding, his high and noble purpose in every act of life won for him the love and admiration of all who knew him.

Endowed by nature with a robust figure commanding in appearance, he combined in his remarkably beautiful personality the virility and strength of the most rugged type with a ready sympathy, and an inborn gentleness, that made him the ideal of young and old alike. Mr. Butler was representative of that rare race of men in whom greatness is simplicity, sympathy, modesty and almost superhuman ability.

SERVICES AT CHURCH

By DR. ROBERT FREEMAN

at Church of the Flowers, Glendale, California

February 23, 1928



I AM the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. . . . A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold. Let us pray.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, and from whom cometh nothing that is not good and perfect—grant, we beseech Thee, to thy servants today, who find themselves in the valley of the shadow, thy good presence, thy sustaining grace, and the benediction without

which no life can be worth the living. Put underneath them the everlasting arms, and speak to them thy word of good cheer—"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there shall ye be also." Let her, whose burden is greatest this day, hear her loved one taking up those words of his Master and speaking them afresh to her: "Where I am, there shall ye be also." Amen.

Vocal Solo, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning. Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding,

and declaring prophecies: Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions: Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations: These were honored in their generations, and were the glory of their times. There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. These were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth forever more. The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will shew forth their praise.

The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord. To do justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice. He that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life, righteousness, and honor. The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Oh, satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years in which we have seen evil.

May the glory of the Lord be upon us and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Edward Butler was a clean man to look upon. The book had a rare binding. The presupposition is that if the book has a rich binding there is likely to be something within that

is worth while looking upon. The general testimony of those who knew him best seems to confirm this conclusion. Some years ago, Mr. Shedd said of Mr. Butler that he was the best loved man in the city of Chicago. A rare thing for one prominent business man to be able to say of another, and to find such large confirmation of his conclusion in one of the largest cities in the world. It is quite fitting that next Sunday morning Dr. Shannon, in his pulpit (from which he was wont to address Mr. Butler, among others), should speak upon the life and the works of Edward Butler, and should broadcast them so that a million might hear.

Here is the kind of American life story that ought to be written in a book; and ought to be put in as small a book as possible, I should say, that it might have as wide distribution as possible; that heads of great concerns might put it in the hands of those who are following after them in subordinate positions.

For how many of us had Edward Butler become a kind of hero? To me, among others. How much of a hero must he have been to many business men. Here was a man who had made a name—he had given significant place to a family name; a man of conspicuous talent, who could develop so large an enterprise.

How much of a hero must he have been to those who were interested in civic affairs. Here was one who could dream dreams for a great city, and never dream small dreams. He knew that all the accomplishing of great things for a city was not in a dream. Dreams had to be followed by endeavors, and endeavors had to be saturated in drudgery. So he took from his busy life much time to go down to Springfield, and, through the drudgery that was necessary, to win the approval of the legislature, in order that they might do their part towards making his city one of the most beautiful in the world.

How great a hero must he have been to those who were interested in beauty. He had

well learned that all of man's living is not in his doing, not in his pursuing of business enterprises. There are beauties that one must not miss as one goes along. And so, after he had passed his threescore years, he began to busy himself producing the beautiful and giving to some of the rest of us those lovely things that had been in his soul for some time. How like him to set aside that room in the great city, to which many, many do go and shall go, where, in the midst of the Inness collection, they feel their spirits are washed afresh and they themselves made fit to go out in the world again!

How great a hero was he to those of us who are interested in doing things for humanity. If we could ask him what was his greatest pride, I fancy it would not be Butler Brothers; it would not be the Inness room; and it would not be the great enterprise down by the lake front. He would point to Glenwood and to what he had been able to do for thirty-one years for homeless boys, and to the men who

have gone out from that school to show themselves worthy his faith and friendship.

He was somewhat of a hero to those of us who are interested in religion; the kind of man who, with all his wide connections and experience, could be satisfied to sing, "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly"; whose life, with all its enrichment, was exceedingly simple. For those who are seeking to develop character, here was a hero. He was not a hero because he was any one of these, but because all these qualities were compacted and developed in this exquisite spirit.

Yes, Edward Butler was clean to look upon; but the pattern went clear through the pottery, and the inside of the cup was the same pattern as the outside. Well may he take his place in the ranks of "*. . . those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence: live in pulses stirred to generosity, in deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn for miserable aims that end with self, in thoughts sublime*

that pierce the night like stars, and with their mild persistence urge men's search to vaster issues."

Let us pray.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, from whom we come, in whom we live and move and have our being, to whom we go, in whose hand are all the issues of life, we come before Thee in this hour, free from the slightest shadow of hypocrisy. We come not because we must, or because the conventions of man have decided that such services must be celebrated over the dead. We come because this is the fitting way to bid our last farewells to one whom we loved and admired. We come because he had committed himself to God in the end, and we, like him, would make such committal.

We come this day, Father, mindful of the mercies that surrounded this life; giving Thee thanks for his length of days, and for all the richness that entered these days; mindful of

thy mercy in sparing him the sudden disablements of the body and the impoverishment of the mind by the ills of the body; thanking Thee that he went out in the strength of his manhood, that up to the end he could think of those he loved and give himself to the enterprises that needed his attention. We give Thee thanks for thy strength to the companion of his days, that she, like him, has the courage of the great adventure, and is more mindful of her mercies than even her sorrows, and will not suffer her mourning to be turned into murmuring or complaining.

We come with our hearts filled with a great pride (Thou wilt not blame us if this is so), pride in our friend who bore so much of the image of his heavenly Father. We thank Thee for this kind of man, who, in these days when men point the finger at so many in high places and curl the lip as they speak their names, was one who could stand the light and the tests of our judgments; that here was one who might

well be followed by the youth of tomorrow, the man to whom was given talents, and who used his talents in ways to win the approval even of the Most High.

We bless Thee for his clean business record, which can stand the turning back of the pages without fear. We thank Thee in the name of his city, to which he gave himself so largely, and for his honorable service to her profit. We bless Thee in the name of all those who loved beauty, that he has made it a bit easier for them to see lovely things, to carry about in their souls the vision of beauty.

We thank Thee in the name of these boys, who are conscious that they have lost a great friend; and in the name of those men who are thanking God that Edward Butler came down their way, speaking to them out of his heart and giving them vastly more than his words. We bless Thee as a group of neighbors and friends for this kind of a clean man, who, even in the moments when his mind controlled not

his speech, uttered only those things that were lovely and kind and of good report. We bless Thee for his friendship, for his example, for his inspiration. We pray Thee, good God, multiply his kind, and grant to us to whom is still given a little while to live, the grace like him to pursue those things that are altogether worthy; the grace like him to earn at the close of the day the glad word from our heavenly Father, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord," and the echoing word of all those who knew us best, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Hear all our tender prayers for thy mercy upon those to whom this sorrow is most intimate. Thou who art the very present help in time of need, who hast promised never to leave us or forsake us, though we pass through the waters and the flames, be their sustenance, we beseech Thee, their constant presence, their keeper, until the day break and the shadows flee away; until they who have known

and loved each other here shall know and love each other in that better land, whence have fled all sorrow and all sighing, all sickness and all death. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Vocal Solo, "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say."

Benediction: Now abideth faith, hope, and love, these three, but the greatest of these is love. Love never faileth. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it, for love is strong as death. The Lord is thy keeper. The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord will keep thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even for evermore.

Now may the grace, mercy, and peace from God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, peace that passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

SERVICES AT CEMETERY

Oakwoods Cemetery, April 15, 1928



INVOCATION

OUR heavenly Father, we come to Thee because we need Thee. Without Thee we are poor and weak. With Thee we can be brave and strong. In death as in life Thou art waiting to bless us, if we will but turn to Thee. Help us to find Thee thus today.

Lead us from our weakness to Thy strength; from our ignorance to Thy wisdom; from our darkness to Thy light.

Make us to hear the voice which said, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall

be comforted." Comfort Thou us, O God,
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS

Reading by DR. NORMAN O. HUTTON

BLESSED be God even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

O taste and see that the Lord is good.

Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants; and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee.

Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in Him will I trust.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters;

He restoreth my soul;

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for
Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they
comfort me.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.

I am the Resurrection and the Life.

He that believeth in Me though he were
dead yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth
and believeth in Me shall never die.

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe
in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house
are many mansions; if it were not so, I would
have told you; for I go to prepare a place for
you. And if I go and prepare a place for you,
I come again, and will receive you unto my-
self; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

As it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.

For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man

is renewed day by day. For our affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Wherefore, beloved, be ye comforted by these words of the Holy Scriptures, which were written long ago, but written that we might have the comfort of them today.

PRAYER

By REVEREND GEORGE M. BUTLER



O GOD, Thou hast been our help in all generations. In Thee we live and move and have our being. Thou hast made us and not we ourselves. We are the sheep of Thy pasture, we are the children of Thine household.

And now we come unto Thee, our Father, as needy and dependent children. Once again we stand in the presence of life's most ancient mystery and deepest sorrow, and we crave the divine strength, comfort and peace. We thank Thee for life and all that it means to us. We thank Thee for all these precious ties that bind us together in our human experience. For home and for family, for kinship and for

friendship, for those who love and serve us and whom we love and serve.

We thank Thee especially today for the gift to us of the life of our beloved kinsman and friend whom Thou hast called home to Thyself. We thank Thee for his character and service to humanity in his day and generation. That he gave himself so generously to the well-being of others and, like the Master, went about doing good in the world.

And now in our sorrow and bereavement give unto us, we pray Thee, the divine comfort. Especially grant courage and faith to those most near and dear to him who has passed from our earthly sight. May they and all of us find anew the assurance of the Christian faith. For we are not here today without such faith. We believe in the immortality of the human spirit. That if a man die he shall live again. That death is but a narrow doorway, leading from life here to life elsewhere. That what is excellent, as God lives, is permanent.

Hearts are but dust. Hearts' loves remain.
Hearts' loves will meet us again. That in our
Father's house there are many mansions.

*"We know not where Thine islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
We only know we cannot drift
Beyond Thy love and care."*

And so, as by the heart's full love and faith,
we follow the spirit of our beloved into some
other mansion of Thy wide universe, may we
be sustained by our Christian assurance. May
it bring to us the peace that passeth under-
standing, a peace that the world cannot give
to us—neither can it take away.

That in the days to come we shall have
comradeship of the spirit with him who has
gone before. And that the memory of his life
shall be for us, as for many others, an abiding
joy, which nothing can ever destroy. These
things we ask through Jesus Christ, our Lord.
Amen.

SERMON

By DOCTOR FREDERICK F. SHANNON



OUR friend, Mr. Butler, wrote some words around which I wish to center our thoughts this afternoon; they are words which were wrought into his heart, mind, and soul, repeated not only by his mouth but emphasized by his life and character:

*“Guide me through another day;
Chart my course where love may sway;
Keep me free from selfish wrong;
Teach me patience, make me strong.
Keep me pure in thought and deed;
Bring me near when others need.
Give me work and strength to do,
Make me gentle, keep me true.”*

Within these simple lines there is high thought and lofty aspiration. Written almost in monosyllables, their very simplicity is in keeping with the sublimity of the manhood breathing through them. Rarely does one find so many words of such noble lineage so meaningfully strung together in small compass, composing, as they do, a kind of rosary told and retold by the deeply meaningful life of Mr. Butler. I looked up the other night at the star-strewn sky. It was a beautiful night, cleansed of all murkiness and brilliant with the clear-shining of countless stars. I look at these lines, also, and I find in them words that are big and bright with a skylike serenity and splendor; they seem to disclose the secret of this strong man's character; they are radiant with the light of his own personality. I wish to pronounce, therefore, a few of these words, which he has left for the enrichment of all who really care for the enriching values of life.

There is, first of all, the Prayer for Guidance. "*Guide me through another day.*" He believed that human life is not merely self-directed, not just a highly complicated mechanism, blindly driven round and round, bound for nowhere in particular. Believing in self-direction, he believed, also, that within all human self-direction there is the guidance that is divine. As a matter of fact, his own life was magnificently self-directed. And yet he refused to believe that man is a mere automaton, a bit of delicately wrought machinery. He believed in the majesty of the human will to choose the fine things and the high things; that every soul is big with personal responsibility. As a complement to this high creed, he was aware that behind and within human life there is a Providence as minute as it is wise and good. The God who cares for a sparrow cannot be careless for a soul.

Here, then, was a merchant who, according to his own words and life, paid the bills that life presented day by day. "*Guide me through*

another day." No groper, no stumbler was he through his eventful days and years. I know a little river in that dear New England country where he was born, where the eager feet of his boyhood were wont to run. It is not a celebrated stream. I think you will scarcely find it on any map. Yet it comes singing along and finally flows into the ocean. Twice within each lunar day that little inland river becomes big with the pulsing tides of the great deep.

So is it with human life. We direct ourselves; we believe that this is one of the stamps of the divineness in the mind of man—that he can choose quite definitely and quite largely for good or ill. But we believe, likewise, that these tiny human streams borrow their ultimate significance from the fact that they are related to the ocean of the Divine Goodness; that the heavenly tides are ever flowing in to meet our small human streams and make them quiver and sing with the completing purposes of God. Therefore, I cannot refrain from associating that

New England River and the Atlantic Ocean
with Edward Burgess Butler's prayer for guidance
and the lofty prayer-hymn of Tennyson:

*Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For though from out our bourne of Time
and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.*

So has this beautiful stream of human life named Edward Butler come trickling, singing, refreshing, and enlarging with the years, until now it is reunited with the vast Sea of Being, that Ocean of Life whose ever-flowing tides vitalize all the shores of humanity, even that self-conscious Fatherhood which inspired His self-responsible child to pray, "Guide me through another day."

Another aspiration is the Prayer for Purity. "*Keep me pure in thought and deed.*" This, my friends, is a noble petition. There, in the secret treasuries of the mind, where the moods and dispositions have their origin, where actions have their subtle beginnings—keep me pure in the uttermost sanctuaries of thought! Recalling his lovely face, I think his thoughts wrought those fair and fine lines upon his countenance which made us behold it with lingering satisfaction. "The habits of the mind form the soul," said Balzac, "and the soul gives expression to the face." Surely,

then, the habits of his mind were good and pure and strong, else that rare face of his could never have issued its unbroken challenge to all considerate souls to guard well this tremendous power of thought-sculpture! I think no one could look into his face without understanding, if he had the inner eye to scan and interpret the deeper literature of the mind, that the shaping forces going quietly and magnificently on within his deepest nature, were pure and clean.

Moreover, when we measure that pure will in action—when his purposes had become clothed with deeds—what a wonderful record he has left behind! To my mind, one of the finest things in all this human world of ours, is this: Purity in mature life. The other afternoon, in a distant city, I took up with a little child. The day was wearing goldenly on to its close and I was walking out to see the sunset. A child was playing in front of his home and I began to talk with him. Going on my way, I

looked back and there was the little tow-head toddling after me. I said to myself, "How sweet and innocent childhood is. Here is a little lad who never saw me before and probably will never see me again. Yet, in his innocence and inexperience, he takes up with a stranger and wants to go with him."

Well, we are strangely held by the spell of that ever-new snow-white innocence in the heart of a child. But I am convinced that there is something finer still: It is the compelling and eloquent innocence in the soul of maturity. To find a big, strong man, one who has braved all the storms and stains of the world, coming to the end of life wearing the fine linen of creative innocence—this, I repeat, is a sight in the human realm entirely worthy of being matched with that sky-canvas I went to see hung up in the heavens of sundown.

I was told the other afternoon by a farmer that in a certain section of Ohio the winter wheat has almost entirely failed. I asked the

farmer, through whose field I was tramping, "How do you account for this failure?" "Why", he replied, "there was no covering of snow. We had scarcely any snow here at all. Consequently, the cold killed the seed as it lay there in the ground." Not only out there in the fields of nature must there be a blanket of pure white if there are to be acres of golden wheat, but there must be whiteness in the invisible fields of manhood, also, if large and generous crops of virtues are to be lifted high and clean above the loam of our humanity. The virtues of our friend are interpretable in the light of his prayer, "Keep me pure in thought and deed."

Here is another Prayer for Helpfulness. "*Bring me near when others need.*" I suppose the most familiar equivalent of this word "need" is service. But in the case of Mr. Butler, it seems to me that helpfulness rather than service is the proper term. It is larger, more inclusive, alive with his rich humanism.

Some men are so busy, so engrossed in public affairs that they forget the personal, the unheralded small gives and takes of life which, after all, mean more than words can say. He was amazingly helpful; and there are those here this afternoon in this intimate service who know that what I am saying is true. He was socially helpful on a large scale; but he was individually helpful, also, helpful one by one.

Through his individual and social helpfulness, he became one of the formative and creative forces of our city. Coming to Chicago as a young man, he found a community just beginning its unprecedented career. He sowed himself into the beginnings of our civic furrows. Quietly, modestly, without cap and bells, but intelligently and persistently he ploughed his life into this Chicagoland he dearly loved.

Some Sundays ago, I spoke at length in Central Church of his vast services to the city

on the side of education, art, commerce, and civic progress. He was greatly busy through the years answering his own prayer, "Bring me near when others need." Unlike the Priest and the Levite in the parable, who passed by on the other side, he had a genius for drawing near. Where wounded causes were, where wounded hearts were, where socially wounded and underprivileged boys were—a kind of spiritual gravity brought him near to these with a skilled and healing brotherliness which made his presence and service a perpetual benediction.

Finally, there is a Prayer for the Sovereignty of Love. "*Chart my course where love may sway.*" Believing that God is Love, Edward Butler's course was wonderfully charted along the ways of Guidance, Purity, and Helpfulness. It is not a mere incident that his favorite hymn was, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." It was a part of the fiber of the man, a part of the disposition of his will. It was the underlying

secret of the exposure of his soul to the great causes in which he was interested so long and so wisely. Thus it was Love, always Love, that motivated his many-sided nature.

I have a letter he wrote me last June on the day following the Flag Day Service at the Glenwood School. He had gone on to Battle Creek for a little rest. Beautifully characteristic of him are the words: "I have been here only four hours, but already I feel quite at home. However, I am quite a conundrum to my associates. I can see them looking at me out of the corners of their eyes and wondering what is the matter with that husky. Well, there is not anything the matter; that is why I can enjoy myself under such peculiar conditions."

What a revelation of the self-adjusting power of the man! Wherever you found him, he was at home. Whether in the great business, or in the art circle, or in the rising tide for a better citizenship, or for saving the lake

front for the city—wherever he was, he was readily at home, a tremendously forceful character with astonishing self-adapting genius.

So, this afternoon, I would like to say to these dear ones who have made the long journey from California, and to you who loved and admired him: I can no more think that Edward Burgess Butler has ceased to be than I can think that I am not now standing in the presence of your sorrow and appreciation. He was finer than any picture he ever painted, or any picture, even, that ever haunted his imagination; because the finest thing between the shining stars and the good green earth is a soul that believes in the guidance that makes for true self-direction; is the soul that keeps itself pure, making itself ever and ever more worthy to think God's thoughts after Him, and through these means becomes of immeasurable service, unceasingly played upon by the Power, as Dante says, that moves the sun in Heaven, and all the stars.

Brothers to the man who was one of its founders, and who, during all its existence gave to it, not only the best efforts of his mind, but also the inspiration of his great soul.

The history of Butler Brothers and of his connection with it is preserved in its records and is widely known in the business world. But we, the remaining Directors, desire to, and do hereby place in these records, the expression of our own deep appreciation not only of his great business ability, but also of the high sense of honor with which he exercised that ability. His life proved that sound practical judgment and the highest idealism may go hand in hand to successful achievement. He was kindly, courteous and considerate to everyone, of whatever station.

Mr. Butler gave millions of dollars to Chicago's worth while philanthropies, and he gave not only money, but himself, his time, his energy, and the inspiration of his faith in

mankind. While he was an interested and active director on boards of many charitable institutions, that which was nearest his heart was the Glenwood Manual Training School. He was not merely its active President, he was its very soul, and though he is dead, he will still live in the lives of thousands of boys to whom Glenwood gave manliness, learning, hope and the open door to opportunity.

Being the man he was, it was inevitable that Mr. Butler should not only be a good citizen, but one who would work energetically, and with clear vision, to make his city better and greater, and he did so work throughout all the years of his residence in Chicago.

Mr. Butler was a patron of the Arts from his early life until its end. As one of its Trustees, he was instrumental in the development of the Chicago Art Institute. In 1911, he gave to the Institute the most important existing collection of landscapes by America's greatest landscape artist—George Inness, and the

Inness room is today a shrine for the lovers of the beautiful from all parts of the land.

But he was not only a patron of the Arts, he was an Artist himself of recognized ability. It was a source of gratification to his friends that in his later years this man, who so ably and energetically discharged every duty to his fellow men, to his city and to the great business of which he was the head, added new riches to his life by the serene and happy hours he spent in creating beauty.

But Edward B. Butler was more than a great business man, more than a high type of citizen loyal to every obligation of citizenship, more than a philanthropist, more than a true artist—he was a great gentleman in all the finest implications of that word. To this fact was due the unusual distinction of his face and bearing. They were the outward reflection of his inner self. Nature gave him a strikingly tall, robust figure, and he radiated virility and strength of the most rugged type. But there

was a beauty in his face which did not depend alone on well modeled features. Love of his fellow men, broad sympathies and understanding, simplicity, the faith of youth, nobility of purpose, and never flagging, but eager, zeal to do those things which tend to make a better world—all these were written in his face and so illuminated it that no one could look upon it without saying, or feeling—"here is no common man." His wisdom and genius, his broad sympathy and understanding, his noble purpose in every act of life, won for him the love and admiration of all who knew him.

We, who were, for so many years, in close contact with him, not only as business associates but as warm friends, here record, not only our profound sorrow that he is to sit with us on this Board no more, but also our pride in the career and character of him who was our honored chief and our dearly loved friend.

We grieve for his widow and we extend to her our deepest sympathy. In her sorrow, may she find consolation in the knowledge that no man of his time in this community, held a higher place in the respect, admiration and affections of his fellows, and that because he lived, the lives of many have been made happier and richer."





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